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| **The Blue Bowl**  *Jane Kenyon*  **Like primitives we buried the cat with his bowl. Bare-handed we scraped sand and gravel back into the hole.                                They fell with a hiss and thud on his side, on his long red fur, the white feathers between his toes, and his long, not to say aquiline, nose.**  **We stood and brushed each other off. There are sorrows keener than these.**  **Silent the rest of the day, we worked, ate, stared, and slept. It stormed all night; now it clears, and a robin burbles from a dripping bush like the neighbor who means well but always says the wrong thing.**    from *Otherwise: New & Selected Poems*, 1996 Graywolf Press, St. Paul, Minnesota  Copyright 1996 by the Estate of Jane Kenyon. All rights reserved. Reproduced with permission ([*click for permissions information*](https://www.loc.gov/poetry/180/p180-permissions.html#004)). |
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